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First to Last—the Truth: News—Editorials—Advertisements

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Another War Message

Of the many extraordinary utterances of the White House the latest, it will be scarcely denied, is the most extraordinary. Instead of returning physical vigor softening the President's weaknesses of temper, his unreasoning acerbity seems to grow.

This time he seems to curse out practically everybody. Those whose minds do not in all details go along with his own—and there are many such—are *prima facie* wicked and detestable. The brave men, living and dead, who won the war to protect their homelands and civilization from a wolf that was loose, and who sought a peace which would insure the chaining of the wolf until its vulpine nature showed signs of change, are inferentially condemned as imperialists who are no better than the Germans of 1914 to 1918.

In all sobriety the question may well be asked: "What right has any man so to pass judgment on his fellow beings?" For any one, no matter how placed, to assume that refusal to accept his decisions establishes blackness of heart is to reveal a narrow arrogance which is rare in human annals.

To find a parallel one needs go back to Omar the Caliph, who burned the Alexandrian library on the theory that if its books but repeated the Koran they were unnecessary. Whereas, if they disagreed with it they were vicious. Or to old Procrustes, who placed those in his power on his bed, chopping them off if too long or stretching them out if too short.

Amazement is not lessened by recalling that this utterance is from the same man who said prior to our entry that he did not know what the war was about. Truly he did not know. Seemingly, he never learned. He never was really cured of his "peace-without-victory" idea—only kept silent with respect to it for a time. Here is the source of his error. The President is so constituted as not to perceive that hope of future peace was slight if a record were not made that would deter other would-be conquerors.

The net effect of the President's diplomacy, in both its secret and public aspects, is to bring almost to extinction the high hopes the world entertained eighteen months ago. His activities at Paris and since have relighted the fires of the old jealousies and discords. He says he does not like the old order, but he has perpetuated it. He declaims against balances of power, but he has contributed to creating a condition that makes such balances practically inevitable.

It is not as a crusader for peace that there is world objection to the President, but as a fomenter of bad feeling, and thus of war.

The Stock Dividend Decision

It happens that current stock quotations afford a striking illustration of the accuracy of Justice Pitney's words in the majority opinion of the Supreme Court in the decision invalidating the income tax on stock dividends.

The General Motors Company is effecting a reorganization, one of whose features is that each holder of one of its shares shall receive on surrender ten shares of a new issue. Stockholders wish shares of lower denominations—to have white chips instead of blue. But the property back of the enlarged stock issue is to be identical with the property now back of the old stock. In effect, although not in precise form, there is to be a stock dividend, though the new shares are not to carry the dollar mark.

On the market both the old and new stock are dealt in, and on Monday the closing price of the old stock was 301 and of the new stock 30½. The ratio of value was 10 to 1, just as was the ratio of the volume of the old stock to the new.

Ten tenths as much equal 1 as two halves equal 1. It is a mystery why anybody ever thought a stock dividend was income. A partial explanation, perhaps, is found in the fact that the financial writers sometimes loosely speak of "melon cuttings" and in the practice of speculators who hold securities for a rise to seize on any change as a "bull" argument.

But as important as the direct effect of the decision is the indirect influence it is likely to exert. It encourages managers of property to believe they are to have greater freedom in the management of business confided to them. Companies, instead of dissipating their resources, may be led to invest their surpluses in improvements, issuing stock against them without falling under penalty. What the public wants is betterments, and in every way the path thereto should be smoothed.

Unfreezing Railroad Values

The Supreme Court's decision requiring the Interstate Commerce Commission to accept contemporaneous values of railroad rights of way and terminals when making railroad valuations is highly important and calculated to revive the spirits of unfortunate owners of railroad property.

Other assessments are always on present or existing values, but the Interstate Commerce Commission has leaned to the rule that original cost or the amount invested was the test. Replacement cost was sought to be ignored, and railroad owners were to take the risk of depreciation but not to have a chance of increment. Yet the railroads cannot go to equipment manufacturers or the rail makers and say: "Give us new cars and locomotives or new rails at the price we paid for the old ones." But the commission nevertheless has been trying to value railroad rights of way and terminals not at what it would cost to-day to replace them, but at the original cost years ago when labor, materials and land were half as dear as they are now.

No other producer is asked to sell his product on the basis of the costs of twenty or thirty years ago. Yet the railroads have been treated by the commission as if their capital value had been frozen a generation back, and as if they were not entitled to share in the general increment caused by economic expansion and war inflation. On the other hand, if replacement costs were less than the investment the lower figure was seized on.

The same mental tendency was glaringly exhibited at the outbreak of the World War. On August 1, 1914, the day on which Germany declared war against Russia, the commission gave out a decision denying the railroads, then in difficulties, an increase in freight rates. To it the war meant nothing at all. But within three months it had to recall its refusal and allow a grudging increase of rates.

The new railroad law requires the commission to fix rates which will permit a fair and reasonable return on the property of the carriers. The act didn't prescribe replacement value. Yet the commission has been fighting in the courts against using replacement as a standard, on the ground an original cost valuation would call for lower compensation.

The Supreme Court rejects this proscriptive attitude. It refuses to put railroad property in one class, so far as valuation is concerned, and other property in another, so far as cost of operation and maintenance is concerned. Congress intended to give the railroads a fair return on the value of their operating property. But they cannot get this unless the Interstate Commerce Commission is cured of its illusions and learns somehow to coöperate in the development of a stable and efficient railroad system. Such coöperation is not only required by equity to the owners of railroad property, but even more by the interests of the general public, which wants good railroads and cannot hope to have them unless investment in railroad property is made safe.

The Point of the Sims Charges

Admiral Sims yesterday reiterated his charges of inefficient naval administration during the war. He drew a sharp distinction between the "magnificent way in which the navy functioned in 1918, after it really got into the war," and the halting way in which it functioned in 1917, when, apparently, a clear war plan was lacking.

Admiral Sims has been put wrongly in the attitude of attacking individuals—even of attacking "civilian control" of the navy. "Civilian control" is unavoidable, since the Secretary of the Navy is the controlling power in the department, and over him stands the President, who is the Commander in Chief. The question which the admiral raises is not whether "civilian control" ought to be superseded by professional control, but whether the existing control had made sufficient use of the professional advice available for shaping a war program.

Naval operating plans must be made ahead, just as army operating plans must be. That is what general staffs and war colleges are for. Admiral Fiske gave the Navy Department ample warning, in the earlier stages of the World War, that there was little chance that the United States could be kept out of it. Every intelligent naval strategist could see the necessity of working out a scheme of operations, to fit contingencies. That should have been a matter of routine precaution. The question is whether the Navy Department actually did have a plan worked out and whether it was prepared to apply it with vigor from the day war was declared.

War with Germany didn't take the country unawares. Diplomatic relations with Germany had been suspended for a couple of months. A clash with Germany had been indicated long in advance—from the day of the Lusitania massacre. The real point made by Admiral Sims is that even after war was declared there were no signs of a clear and vigorous offensive or defensive policy at sea. In the first six or eight months of the war, he holds, "the department violated numerous well recognized and fundamental principles of war."

Here is the gist of the Sims criticism:

> "If I am wrong and we were prepared, and if we had plans before and at the beginning of the war similar to those announced on paper some time after we declared war, and if such plans were in accordance with the policy which was actively and actually pursued at the end of the first six or eight months of the war, then is it not a grave error that all the forces, men and ships which were actively engaged in the war zone at the end of this six months' delay were not there at the end of the first month?"

That is the main thing to be determined by the present inquiry. The issue rises above partisanship and personalities. It concerns the future of the navy and the vital interests of the country to know whether or not we have a working system of strategy according to which the navy can be operated when the hour strikes to fight.

The Head of the Family

We fear that only a celibate could have uttered Cardinal O'Connell's plea to males to assert their dignity and leadership. Alas! marital dignity cannot be maintained or restored by any such easy method as asserting it. Can any dignity be saved by throwing out the chest and in the chin and declaiming orders in a loud, firm tone of voice? We have yet to see such a result. The nearest appearance to it is occasionally found in certain variations of the happy home. But it is only an appearance there, an easy pretense by which male vanity is sated and feminine subordination officially proclaimed while the matriarchy of the American family swishes on its certain and mistressful way unabated.

Are men therefore feminized or in danger of becoming feminized? Is the American mother turning patriarchal in soul as well as in authority and emoluments? We doubt either peril, Cardinal O'Connell's eminent authority to the contrary notwithstanding. By the Turk's standard there might be something in the criticism. The American male is a sad decline, patriarchally speaking, from the magnificent Turk; and the most shrinking American woman is a brazen, sexless monster by harem standards. Taking a long look at the processes of civilization, we suppose men have been gradually feminized in the sense Cardinal O'Connell means, and women have correspondingly lost some of their utterly feminine qualities as their uses to society have broadened.

But has the process gone too far in this country, far enough to demand shouts of warning and the formation of he-male clubs and the observation of a Fathers' Day when the titular head of the family is to be worshiped in his own right? Not by any outward and visible signs we can descry. The American mother does run her home very much as if it were her job. The children are largely hers to train and control in the earlier years. That is part of the working terms of partnership in which the American marriage usually results. It is a rather natural division of labor. As the children become older the American father plays a larger part.

If this joint control fails to bring up children ideally there is some consolation in the fact that other systems seem to err quite as egregiously in other directions. Perhaps we are too optimistic, but what we have seen, for instance, of the British husband in action and the British child in inaction makes us regret very little the American system of joint-stock control that at least permits all hands, big and little, to work along without a bellowing foreman to scare and obstruct and repress.

The Husband of Vesta Tilley

In a recent English by-election—that at Ashton-under-Lyne—the successful candidate, who pulled through by a narrow majority, owed his success, it is said, to his wife. In the words of *The London Times*, "Sir Walter de Frece received the most valuable help from Lady de Frece. The form in which Sir Walter was introduced to the constituency made much of the fact that he is 'the husband of Miss Vesta Tilley.'"

It will be recalled that Nannie Langhorne Astor revealed a most happy faculty for the give and take oratory so useful in election contests. And as Vesta Tilley was a most popular ornament of London music halls, there is every reason to believe she would have had an equal success in the rôle of a prospective M. P. *The Times* does not say how active her part in the contest was, or whether she made speeches for her husband. Perhaps the mere fact she had been Vesta Tilley was sufficient. *The Times* remarks that "the most significant fact" of the election is the indication "of the influence of woman in politics and the power of the women's vote."

The influence of women in English politics has not been disputed. Long before they had the ballot they entered on canvassing with a zest unknown in this country. With the vote, of course, their influence is increased. American women are now getting a taste of politics, and they like the taste. Those who want offices will get them on the same conditions as men. Others who prefer indirect power will land their "hubbies" in Washington. There is more than one famous actress on the stage or on the screen whose word in behalf of her husband would go a long way with the voters.

Killing the Landlord

An Uplift Bill With a Brownsville Trademark

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The Jesse rent commission bill is a Brownsville Bolshevik's dream of paradise. As an example of half-baked legislation it is inimitable and would be entertaining if it affected a less important matter. Freak bills are no novelty and usually receive scant attention. It is said, however, that this bill is being considered by a committee of the Assembly.

It provides for three commissioners who are to be experienced in rental problems, but not engaged in the business. It is not stated whether having been an officer of the Tenants' Union would qualify them. Their required business ability is measured by a $6,000 salary. They are to have uncontrolled power to determine what is a fair rent for all the dwellings and apartments in the city of New York. The only appeal from their decisions lies as to matter of law.

The commission is empowered to fix the rent rates and to make the whole lease for the owner in respect to all its provisions. The owner has no deciding voice in the matter, not even as to the end of the term. He is compelled to keep his tenant indefinitely, but the tenant can go when he pleases.

The owner's books, papers and correspondence are to be at all times open to the commission and its agents, and the duty is put on the owner to furnish floor plans, rent schedules and other data to assist the commission in determining what wages the owner shall receive for his forced labor on behalf of the tenant. Rent so fixed is not to be raised for a year. The omniscient drafter of this bill was able to see that the emergency would end on the 31st of December, 1925. He also was able to see that it existed in all the larger cities of the state. But the Assembly committee, it is said, has found it advisable to limit the emergency to New York City alone, for reasons not stated.

The simple fact is that the three $6,000 men who would form such a commission could not properly perform the duties thrust upon them within the limit of their lifetimes, much less in the short life of the act. They could not even perform the initial act of fixing the rent. Their court calendars would be crowded beyond all calculation except as the contending parties, chiefly the owners, would despair of gaining any redress, while the opportunity for graft would exceed that of all the city departments combined.

The bare fact that such a bill is considered will doubtless put a stop to the extension of past due mortgages and raise the mortgage interest rate. It will also doubtless increase the demand for the immediate payment of principal. It will, of course, halt any plans for building which any adventurous builder might have been considering.

The need of New York is new buildings. Under such a law there will be no new building. Rent rates are finding their new level in normal fashion and would do so without excessive friction except for the pernicious work of the organizers of disorder. No quack remedy with the Brownsville trademark will have any other effect than to make matters worse.

CHARLES E. MANIERRE.

New York, March 8, 1920.

If Only a Woman Ran Our Street Cleaning Department

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: When an efficient woman is put at the head of the Street Cleaning Department, and a snow storm visits the city, owners will be compelled to clear their sidewalks. There also will be constant supervision of gutters at street corners. As things are now there are pools of dirty water waiting for an outlet! It fills one with indignation to see such criminal neglect!

WOMAN VOTER.

New York, March 7, 1920.

The Five-Day Week

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The eight-hour bill which your correspondent Maurice Saunders refers to distinctly states that more hours may be added through the week to make a shorter day Saturday. The outside number of hours permitted in any one day is nine, and Lord knows that's enough for any work! It would not interfere with a five-day week.

MAUD SWARTZ.

New York, March 4, 1920.

Mercy Has Its Limits

(From The Charleston News-Courier)

If the Allies decide to revise the treaty every time the Germans let out a squeal there soon won't be any treaty left. It isn't well to be harsh or unreasonable, but it is well to remember that Germany is pretty good at squealing.

The Conning Tower

The Faculty

(From a Student's Notebook)

MISS AMANDA BROWNING

If there were ostrich eggs for floors
You could not step more softly.
In your hair is an invisible feather
Long and purple, which you toss.
Your jokes are gummed and labeled
In small neat boxes—
And every period you open one
And show your yellow teeth at the class.

MR. EZRA LIGHTFOOT

I never knew Robespierre until now.
I never saw the Reign of Terror until now.
Ezra Lightfoot, as I pass your room,
Round and round you stamp, bellowing.
Oe, woe to the unprepared!

MISS MARY RANDOLPH

There are shadows in her eyes,
She is all shadow—
Even her hands,—and yet
Her class is radiant.

DR. AGNES HOLT

One day last spring
I thought I saw a bud
In her hair—but I was mistaken.
It was the tip of a red pencil!

MR. THOMAS WEATHERSTONE

I can see him walking into Latin,—
A thin, red man, with a red goatee
Covering his weak chin.
He whistles the lesson through his teeth
And the class laughs.
Then he gives ten extra lines of prose—
Old Red Herring!

MISS KATE GRAYSON

What does Miss Grayson think?

* * * * *

She holds the pulse of the school,
And her diagnosis is unerring.
Sometimes her medicine is bitter, but!—

MISS CORA WHITE

She has too big a heart
To be just a mother—
And so she teaches school.

FLORENCE RIPLEY MASTIN.

In an effort to shackle the so-called freedom of the press Assemblyman Lord has introduced a bill making it a crime to print the details of a murder or a murder trial under headlines in larger than 36-point type or more than one column wide. As a limit to liberty, we are opposed to the bill; but in view of other possible laws we are in favor of it. For instance, a law making it a misdemeanor to print verse with long lines in anything under two-column measure.

If the bill becomes a law, we should like to write the 8-column streamer, in 96-point Adstyle Italics, on the story of the first violation: Lord Bill Defier Jailed for Head.

We Meant "Comparatively Quietly"

Gentlemen: I been wondering all my life if you gentlemen wrote your articles 1 day ahead or wrote them up in advance till I read your article about me spending my birthday greetings quietly. If you had taken the trouble to find out, here is how I spent my birthday. I spent my birthday trying to go to Mineola, L. I., and get back to New York on the L. I. ry. and if you will recall that was Saturday when they had a 2-inch fall of snow, witch constitutes a blizzard as far as N. Y. is concerned, so if you think I spent my birthday quietly you are making a monkey of yourself, and when I got home my wife as I have nicknamed her said I wish you many happy returns of the day, so I quietly punched her in the jaw. I hope to remain, RING W. LARDNER.

It is a common American weakness to boast of the American sense of humor, and a common article of the American faith that the British are without that saline quality. On the editorial page of the revered World yesterday appeared this creditable wheeze from Punch: "The rumor that Carpentier and Dempsey, in order to avoid further fuss and publicity, have decided to fight it out privately, appears to have no foundation." In order to make this plain to the American s. of h., the World captions the wheeze, "The Gate Money Forbids."

Does the profit on milk, butter, beef, and pork come under the head of stock dividends?

To stop all this argument about the intangibility and impalpability of a stock dividend, just let us purchase stock in a corporation. The stock will pass the dividend one day later.

OR

O ever thus from childhood's hour
My fondest stocks would fade away;
I never bought Ohio Power,
But it went down like Wabash A.

Our candidate, Governor Henry J. Allen, has not signified his intention of conducting this column for a day, because, being probably like most people, a non-reader of this Colonnade of Clarity, he never saw our offer. Hereby he is warned that if he writes "My attention has been called," we shall throw our support to Hoover.

The Theater Talkers

(At "Abraham Lincoln")

Young Woman: "That's a fine play. Really, I never knew much about Abraham Lincoln before—except that he never told a lie."

An Elderly Woman: "I agree, my dear, it's a very impressive play. But you must admit that the ending is highly improbable."

"Director Ellis," says the Hoosier Reel News, "sent out and got a copy of the Paris edition of the New York Herald and our hero reads his news in French, as he should." That, as the A. E. F. will testify, would make him more or less a hero.

In the same fascinating journal we read "Jack's real name is William Harrigan Dempsey. 'Jack' is really a nom de guerre."

Really, it's a nom de "guerre."

F. P. A.

IT'S LONG PAST EVERYBODY'S BEDTIME

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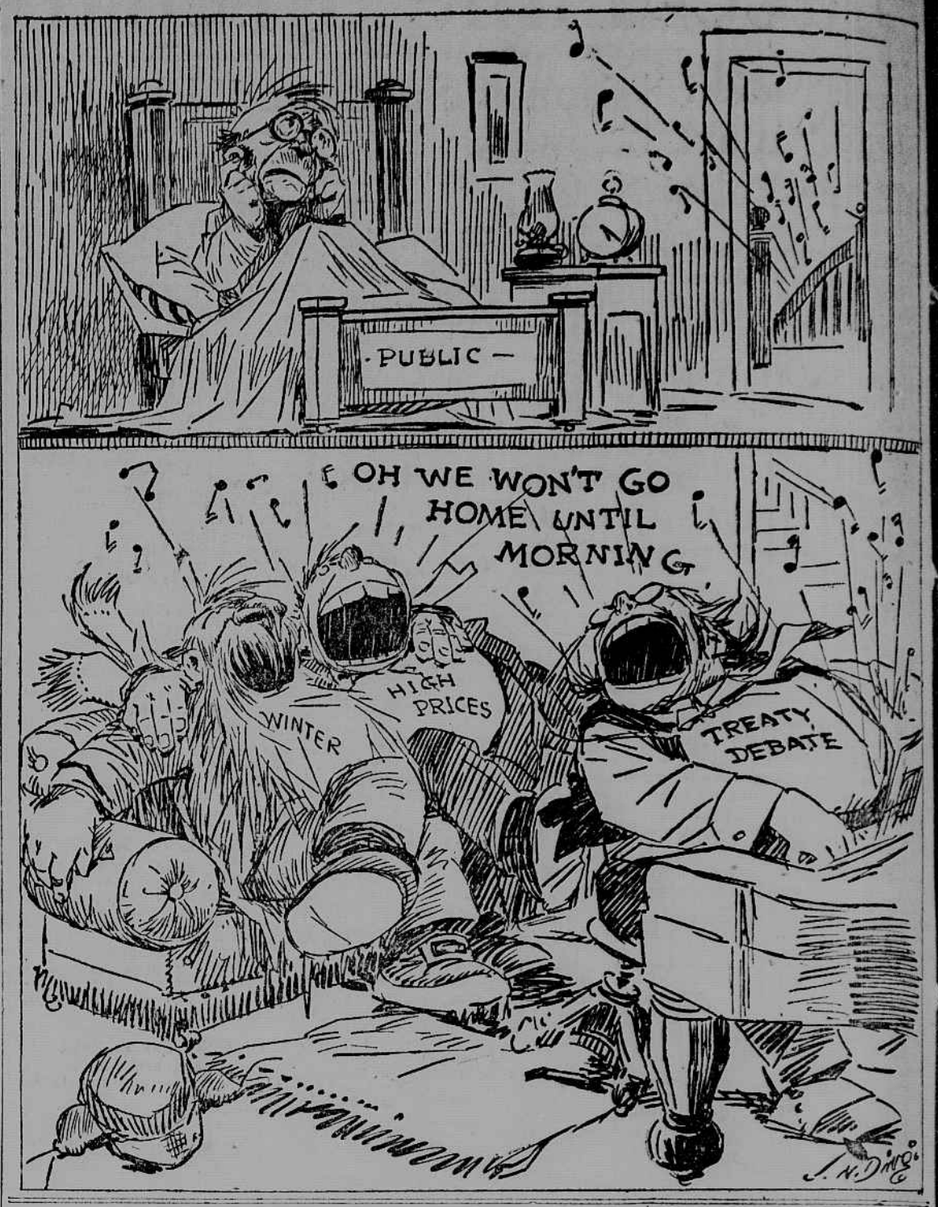

Books

By Heywood Broun

"The Tall Villa," by Lucas Malet (Doran), is a novel, but it may well serve as a textbook for those who want to know how to entertain a ghost. There need be no question that such advice is needed. For all the interest of the present generation in psychical research, we treat apparitions with scant courtesy. Suppose a visitor goes into a haunted room and at midnight is awakened by a spectre who carries a bloody dagger in one hand and his ghostly head in the other; does the guest ask the ghost to put his things down and stay a while? He does not. Instead, he rushes screaming from the room or pulls the bedclothes over his head and dies of fright.

Ghosts walk because they crave society and they get precious little of it. Frances Copley, the heroine of "The Tall Villa," managed things much better. When the apparition of Lord Oxley first appeared to her she did not faint or scream. On the contrary, the author tells us, "The breeding, in which Frances Copley trusted, did not desert her now. After the briefest interval she went on playing—she very much knew not what, discords more than probably, as she afterward reflected!"

After all, Lord Oxley may have been a ghost, but he was still a gentleman. Indeed, when she saw him later she perceived that the shadow "had grown, in some degree, substantial, taking on for the most part, definite outline, definite form and shape. That, namely, of a young man of notably distinguished bearing, dressed (in as far as, through the sullen evening light, Frances could make out) in clothes of the highest fashion, though according to a long discarded coloring and cut."

From friends of the family Frances learned that young Oxley, who had been dead about a century and a half, had shot himself on account of unrequited love. After having looked him up and found that he was an eligible ghost in every particular, Frances decided to take him up. She continued to play for him without the discords. In fact, she began to look forward to his afternoon calls with a great deal of pleasure. Her husband did not understand her. She did not like his friends, and his friends' friends were impossible. Oxley's calls, on the other hand, were a social triumph. He was punctiliously exclusive. Nobody else could even see him. When he came into the room others often noticed that the room grew suddenly and surprisingly chilly, but the author fails to point out whether that was due to Lord Oxley's station in life or after life.

Bit by bit the acquaintance between Frances and the ghost ripened. At first she never looked at him directly, but regarded his shadow in the mirror. And they communicated only through music. Later Frances made so bold as to speak to his lordship.

"When you first came," she said, her voice veiled, husky, even a little broken, "I was afraid. I thought only of myself. I was terrified both at you and what you might demand from me. I hastened to leave this house, to go away and try to forget. But I wasn't permitted to forget. While I was away much concerning you was told me which changed my feeling toward you and showed me my duty. I have come back of my own free will. I am still afraid, but I no longer mind being afraid. My desire now is not to avoid, but rather to meet you. For, as I have learned, we are kinsfolk, you and I; and since this house is mine, you are in a sense my guest. Of that I have come to be glad. I claim you as part of my inheritance—the most valued, the most welcome portion, if you so will it. If I can help, serve, comfort you, I am ready to do so to the utmost of my poor capacity."

Alexis, Lord Oxley, made no reply, but it was evident that he accepted her offer of service and comfort graciously, for he continued to call regularly. His manners were perfect, although it is true that he never sent up his card, and yet in one matter Frances felt compelled to chide him and even tearfully implore a reformation. It made her nervous when she noticed one day that he carried in his right hand the ghost of the pistol with which he had shot himself. Agreeably he abandoned his century old habit, but later he was able to give more convincing proof of his regard for Frances. She was alone in the Tall Villa when her husband's vulgar friend, Morris Montagu, called. He came to tell her that her husband was behaving disgracefully in South America, and on the strength of that fact he made aggressive love. "Montagu's voice grew rasping and hoarse. But before, paralyzed by disgust and amazement, Frances had time to apprehend his meaning or combat his purpose, his coarse, pawlike—though much manicured—hand grasped her wrist."

Suddenly the room grew chilly and Morris Montagu, in mortal terror, relaxed his grip and began to run for the door as he cried, "Keep off, you accursed devil, I tell you. Don't touch me. Ah! Ah! Damn you, keep off"——

It is evident to the reader that the ghost of Alexis, Lord Oxley, is giving the vulgar fellow what used to be known as "the bum's rush" in the days before the Volstead act. At any rate, the voice of Montagu grew feeble and distant and died away in the hall. Then the front door slammed. Frances was saved!

After that, of course, it was evident to Alexis, Lord Oxley, and Frances that they loved each other. He began to talk to her in a husky and highfalutin style. He even stood close to her chair and patted her head. "Presently," writes Lucas Malet, "his hand dwelt shyly, lingeringly upon her bent head, her cheek, the nape of her slender neck. And Frances felt his hand as a chill yet tender draw, encircling, playing upon her. This affected her profoundly, as attacking her in some sort through the medium of her senses, from the human side, and thereby augmenting rather than allaying the fever of her grief."

Naturally, things could not go on in that way forever, and so Alexis, Lord Oxley, arranged that Frances should cross the bridge with him into the next life. It was not difficult to arrange this. She had only to die. And so she did. All of which goes to prove that though it is well to be polite and well spoken to ghosts, they will bear watching as much as other men.

"The Tall Villa" is readable, though it seems to us to deal seriously with a theme which forever trembles on the brink of burlesque.

A Moderate Request

(From The Nashville Tennessean)

The railroaders threaten to cause trouble unless Woodrow assures them of an immediate drop in prices. Before demanding that he repeal the natural law of supply and demand, why not let him start on something easier—have him, for instance, declare the law of gravitation unconstitutional?

Furlough Fare Rate

A Sailor's Plea That It Be Continued

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: On February 29, when the railroads were taken over by their private owners, a most favorable concession which had been allowed men of the army and navy was discontinued.

This was known as the reduced furlough fare rate, permitting service men to travel to their station at the rate of 1 per cent a mile, plus war tax, when leave of absence was granted.

The high cost of living, combined with the present low rate of pay prevailing throughout the service, and the hold-up by Congress of any increase in the rate of pay tend to make the lot of the service man an extremely hard one. For instance, we have upon this ship several men whose homes are in Texas, two from Oklahoma and one from Arkansas. There are a number of others from adjoining states, but the first mentioned will be compelled to save their pay for six months or a year before they can raise sufficient funds to pay the railroad fare to their homes.

I believe the railroad officials are openminded upon the subject and could be brought to see the great favor which would be conferred upon service men if the furlough fare rate could be restored, or at least tried out, for a limited time until conditions were again normal.

ENLISTED MAN, U. S. N.

U. S. S. Michigan, Navy Yard, Philadelphia, Pa., March 8, 1920.

The Relief of Vienna

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: At the last meeting of our executive committee the report as read showed that almost $10,000 had been sent for the purchase of clothing, to be used mainly for the little ones in the stricken City of Vienna. A message received from the President of the Republic of Austria gives the information that the children below four years are the chief sufferers, and that it is no uncommon sight to see them wrapped in paper and the larger children in burlap and in rags.

The awful need of clothing and supplies in the hospitals where so many convalescent children are cared for has prompted the relief committee to concentrate a good portion of the work to relieve the condition. Already about ten thousand dollars have been sent through both the American Relief Administration and the American Friends Service Committee (Quakers) of Philadelphia, which is doing splendid work at present. The response for tickets for the concert, at which prominent operatic stars will participate and which will take place on March 17 (St. Patrick's Day) at the Liederkranz Hall in East Fifty-eighth Street, is most gratifying.

Mr. Sidney Rich, a former American Vice-Consul in Germany, is giving a good portion of his time in bringing to the attention of Americans the desperate needs of the children abroad. He has recently returned from a protracted visit abroad and has most pathetic stories to relate of their sufferings.

Contributions of any amount, no matter how small, are gratefully received and acknowledged by the American Clothing and Hospital Fund, Yorkville Bank, Eighty-fifth Street and Third Avenue, New York City.

AMERICAN CLOTHING RELIEF.

New York, March 8, 1920.